

me this touch has something
 of the
 great darkness, which
 touches one's
 soul with the wand of the
 eternal —
 But, child, you are the moth of
 the
 daylight. You have your birds
 and
 flowers and fields — what can
 you find
 in me, who have my centre in
 the One
 and my circumferences
 nowhere ?

I do not want anything else.
 Your
 love is enough for me.

Sanyasi

The girl imagines I love
 her, —
 foolish heart. She is happy in
 that
 thought. Let her nourish
 it* For
 they have been brought up in
 illusions,
 and they must have illusions
 to con-
 sole them.

V&santi

Father, this creeper trailing
 on the
 grass, seeking some tree to
 twine itself